



That Baffling Word "Male."

In a recent speech before a women's organization Miss Susan B. Anthony said: "We worked for 40 years to get that little but tyd word 'male' stricken out of the constitution, and we'll do it yet, because the men are ready to help us now. It is only the women I am afraid of. They love to lean back at their ease and have somebody take care of them and think for them and vote for them, even if that somebody classes all women with idiots, paupers and lunatics, to pay for it."

## How to Dress to Men's Clothes.

Mrs. Blenneyhasset and Miss Slesman, the hospital nurses who went into Mashonaland in the service of their profession and have since written a book about it, have since their return to England received £1,500 for a "claim" which they "peged out" for a shilling. Before they got out of the bus at Umtali they had to dress in men's clothes and boots, their own having worn out.

## London Women Indignant.

Miss Constance Williams, who canvassed in a London County council election, says woman does not really want the vote. Here is her experience: Not 1 per cent of women having the municipal franchise use it. The canvass books tell the same hopeless tale. Out of 50 women voters who canvassed only three promised to vote in another way.—London *Tit-Bits*.

## With You Again.

A vigorous effort was made in Waltham to elect a woman on the school board. Mrs. Hudson secured the signatures of 5000 voters to nomination papers for Miss Sarah Osborn, and Miss Osborn received over 800 votes, although she was not elected. The women will try again next year and hope to succeed.—Waltham *Advertiser*.

## Admitted to the Bar.

Miss Lucy A. McSweeney of Detroit was admitted to the practice of law on Dec. 27, after passing a very creditable examination before one of the most critical committees ever appointed in that city for the purpose. Miss McSweeney is still in her early twenties, but has been engaged as a stenographer for some years.—Detroit News.

## A Philadelphia Philanthropist.

Miss Mary Clappie Bitchie of Philadelphia recently contributed \$10,000 each to the University and Jefferson College hospitals and \$1000 to the Philadelphia Home for Infirmaries to provide a bed in each for the treatment and maintenance of indigent single women suffering from incurable diseases.—Ex-Change.

## Harriet Hosmer's Regret.

Harriet Hosmer, the famous American sculptress, regrets, after an almost continuous residence in Europe of 20 years, that she has thus persistently kept away from her native land. She says if she could live her life over again she would stay more in her own country and keep in touch with her own countrymen.

## Concerning For Their Sex.

The March Washington assembly, Knights of Labor, of Leadville, Colo., composed entirely of women, has passed a resolution thanking the police board of Denver for making it the duty of police matrons to give directions and needed assistance to women who arrive at the Union depot.—Denver News.

## An Oddly Named Club.

The Photoerie club is the odd name of a Brooklyn organization of women which meets to discuss modern classics, ancient poetry, ecclesiastical literature, science, logic and realistic novels of various schools. Miss Mary Hawley is the president and Mrs. Joseph White secretary.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Miss Kate Sanborn says of the programmes of women's clubs: "The papers are usually too long-winded and too labored. They are exhaustive, usually going back to the beginning of the world to explain the present subject."

The committee on dress of the National Council of Women has lately been strengthened by the addition of Miss Laura Lee of Massachusetts, Mrs. Bertha Morris Smith of New York and Mrs. Annie L. Shanks of California.

The 1860 dinner is a picturesque affair popular in some localities at this festive season just before the fasts of Lent. All the guests, as well as the host and hostess, appear in the dress worn 60 years ago.

Two of the young women students in Michigan university walk 2½ miles a day, rain or shine, from their homes in time to attend their classes and are always well prepared in their lessons.

An establishment has been started in London where housemaids are supplied by the morning or by the day, as the employer prefers.

It is just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as anything else. It's easier to cure a severe cold or cough with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better result; better try it.

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## SELECTIONS

SETTLERS FROM RUSSIA.

Remarkable Success in Agriculture by the Mennonites.

Quick as are Americans to criticize the manners and customs of Russia, and inferior as the subjects of the czar are frequently considered, the settlers on the western prairies might well learn a lesson of the Russians who have their unique settlements among them. The Mennonites, exiled from southern Russia because of their religion, made as systematic an exodus as did the Israelites of old. They sent out their agents to buy out the land and purchased 100,000 acres of the Santa Fe and Kansas Pacific railroads for homes.

Then the people packed up their household goods and came to America. On the depot platforms they landed, wearing sheepskin coats, the woolly side out, and black handkerchiefs over their heads. They carried iron teakettles and regarded the gazing Americans with as much curiosity as they themselves attracted. They built their villages of yellow limestone, the houses having queer hip roofs, green blinds and double doors like those seen in a mill. Curious ovens, in which prairie hay or straw could be burned, overcame the lack of fuel, and a street looked for all the world as though it had dropped out of an illustration in a Siberian sketch. Such names as "Catherine Stadt," "Leberthal" and "Pfleider" grace their towns, and no man nor woman of Nonnion persuasion is allowed inside the limits as a resident, though visitors are cordially welcomed.

The Mennonites number several thousand, and they are never heard of in politics. They are busy tilling their 100,000 acres, raising stock, planting orchards and rolling up wealth. The wide awakes western standing on the street corner explaining the "contraction of the currency" to a knot of listeners sees a half dozen odd looking wagons come tolling up the road. They are loaded with wheat and so-called Mennonites, who guide the sober teams, pocket the payment and trudge homeward. The settlers hold forth in the country schoolhouse, and the eager real estate agent plots additions to the towns, but the Mennonites pay no attention to either. They keep on selling wheat and corn and cattle until they become the richest class of farmers probably, their numbers considered. That Kansas affords them many opportunities, they do not vote, they care nothing whether the government is Republican or Democratic in its management. They are as isolated as though they were upon a sea island, except as they bring in their produce to the shipping station.

It is noticeable that nearly all the landowners in the much discredited "land belt," yet the Mennonites never ask aid or seed wheat. They prosper every year, and their homes are veritable stores houses of garden and field products. To step into them is like a visit to the land of the Voigt. Curious furniture, strange garb and peculiar habits impress one with the feeling that he is in another land and another age. The houses are for the most part surrounded by stone walls and old country fashions in framing. Barns and implements are everywhere apparent.

They have their own minister, their own church and their own schools. When a "higher" education is desired (and some of the young people are as forward in their ambition for learning as American youth), there is plenty of money in the village bank to send them to Europe or to some eastern college to acquire it.

There is an important lesson in their success. They have given by their works what industry and frugality can accomplish upon the prairie, and what can be done with the right kind of effort. Still, it is doubtful if the American soldier could bring himself and his family together grinding economy of European peasant life which the Mennonites have transplanted in their settlements.—Abilene (Kan.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Case for Baby's Shoes.

Several pretty trifles may be made with a baby's shoe for the foundation of each. Line the shoe with a pretty tint of chamois skin over a layer of perfumed wadding. Leave an edge of the chamois skin to stand up about the top and along the lacing place. This edge should be neatly pinked. If the shoe is fresh and a pretty color, say pale blue, add a rosette bow of baby ribbon, putting it on the end of the lace holes. If the shoe is old, bronze or gold it before adding the bow. This will be found convenient as a watch pocket or as a receptacle for finger rings and other articles of jewelry.

Take its mate or a shoe of soft gray morocco, line it with pink chamois silk and let the silk come up at the top long enough to form a bag. Run shirts, into which put silk cord for drawing strings. This little bag will serve a variety of uses, among which is a bonbonniere, a loved friend or some favorite little girl.

## Signed a Deed as Dead.

There is a signature to a deed filed in the recorder's office by which John W. Wetzel, though he yet lives, appears to be deceased. Mr. Wetzel, according to the record, transferred a lot of land to William Wetzel on Dec. 27, and in making out the deed the name of his wife was joined with his own, as the law prescribes, but Mrs. Wetzel, from the record, appears to be dead, and the word "deceased" was added after her name by the person who made out the paper. It was taken before the notary, and the signature of Mrs. Wetzel was struck out, leaving the "deceased," so that in every instance where the name of Mr. Wetzel appears it reads "John W. Wetzel, deceased."

The authorities in the recorder's office marveled at this slip. It was agreed, however, that it would not affect the legality of the record because it could be easily proved that Mr. Wetzel still lived and had his being.—Washington Post.



NEW HEAVY SPRING WRAPS.

The long pardons on the right is of wide seals cheviot, in gray, and is plain, tailor finished, with stitched stains and buttons. The cap is in the back in a point. The redging on the sides is plain, off-white, with a triple roll in the middle. It is of heavy bavarian cloth in light brown. The main skirt on the left is of chocolate bavarian cloth, trimmed with seal plush bordered by narrow rolls of Alaska sable. The caps is lined with moss green silk.

## Hunting a Fight in Arizona.

A Chicago man whose business takes him to Arizona two or three times a year was relating a few choice experiences in that new country to a group of friends last evening.

"When I first went there," he said, "I was always willing to engage in a fight, as I had a sneaking ambition to be a sort of Wild Bill. I used to go into saloons and announce that I would shoot any man who refused to drink with me. Some how they never returned. I found it mighty hard work to get up a row. But when I was anxious for a scrimmage now I have no difficulty in getting it."

"What do you do?"

"I go into a saloon and try to drink alone."—Chicago Tribune.

## Not Like Other Girls.



—Life.

## Firing the Corpus Christi.

"Hello!" exclaimed the stranger as he stood looking out the window of a little western saloon absently whistling "After the Ball." "There's a funeral."

"Yours," responded the barkeeper. "Plaintain most every day now."

"Who's dead? D'ye know?"

"A tenderfoot who came out to this here town a week ago today," laconically answered the barkeeper.

"H—m—" mused the stranger, already suspicious from the tone of the saloon keeper's voice. "How did he die?"

"From heart failure—and a load of buck," and the barkeeper winked to himself.

"What was the cause of that—a heart failure—horse stealing?"

"None."

"Murder."

"None—worse than that."

"Run off with another fellow's wife?"

"None—worse still than that."

"Well, what is thunder did cause it?"

"He introduced 'After the Ball' to this here innocent town." And the barkeeper continued to polish the glasses softly.—Chicago Tribune.

## Not a Happy Lot.

Editor Boom City Boomer—There's another fellow waiting out there with a gun. Ah, me! An editor's lot is not a happy one, if that man should kill me, he would lose nothing, as there are plenty of fools willing to take my place here and keep him supplied with the news of the day at 5 cents a copy.

Friend—You are a good shot and can pick him off with perfect safety right from this window.

Editor—Friend, if you were running this paper, you'd soon be bankrupt. If I should kill him, I'd lose a subscriber.—Town Talk.

## A Finished Education.

Mr. Million—Well, our daughter graduated with the highest honors at the Great American Female College, I see.

Mrs. Million—Yes, and she must now cross the Atlantic and finish her education.

"Humph! At what school?"

"At no school. She must marry some foreign nobleman and spend a few years in European courts. By that time her husband will cast her off, and she will come back fully equipped to take her

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## DANCING CLASSES.

Mr. C. D. Badson's dancing class for children will open Saturday, October 14th, at 3 p. m., at Studio Hall. Advanced class for adults every Monday evening. Beginner's class commencing Tuesday Evening, Nov. 26.

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M. R. J. H. Wetherell's Academy of Dancing, at 642 Jackson street, Douglass Building, will open Monday evening, Oct. 2. For terms, address M. R. J. H. Wetherell, Academy of Dancing, at 642 Jackson street, Douglass Building, Hall for rent for parties or balls.

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